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A QUEST.

Long since, there lived a man reputed wise (Some better things were said of him, some worse). Who made his life a tireless quest to know The way and Wherefore of the universe.

He wandered through solutions intricate, And old and new philosophers he read; This one converted, but another spake, And made his faith apostasy instead.

His life was girt with vain analysis, And subtle disquisitions held in thrall His soul, that wildly dreamed to overleap The mystery Life offers to us all.

But when Age left him twisted, gray and worn He felt the barren purpose of his quest, And longed to quite forget his mocking doubts And live his last, few, trembling days at rest.

But Death had washed him with a sylvan's eye— And marked his shuffling feet, his slight grow dim, And one still evening stood before his chair, And smiled, half kindly, as he beckoned him.

One passing through a certain field of grave May find a stone of rather quaint data, Which bears these words, the last philosophy.

Of him whose life they thus commemorate: "Here sleeps a man who sought to question God— Who conjured with the everlasting Why; Dived deeply into science, creeds and schools, And learned this truth—that Man is born to die."

—W. L. in N. Y. Sun.

The Colonel's Story of Flad

By JOHN H. RAFTERY

SITTING by the camp fire one evening the talk had turned upon the striking performances of some of the tenderfoot desperados who had outshot and outdone some of the old-timers. Capt. Craws mentioned Gerald Flad and his brief but brilliant career as a ranger, and then everybody had something to say about the dashing Canadian-Irishman who flashed like a meteor across the border firmament some ten years ago.

Col. Hutchinson, who was the dean of the party and had seen bloody service in two wars, threw a lot of unexpected light upon the personality of the vanished bravo, and as a finale to the evening's talk told this story:

His father was one of that fast fading race of Irish gentlemen who chose arms as a profession and found neither sorrow nor disappointment in the scattered and cruel rewards of his adventurous life. Roger Flad, the father was in every uprising that gave promise of hard knocks. When he couldn't find work for his sword in the cause of his own suffering island he bought a commission in the British army, and afterward wandered round the world like a knight errant of old, seeking chances for chivalrous advancement. I think he married a Castilian girl, but at all events Gerald was his only child and he reared him as a gentle-blooded son of a roving soldier of fortune. You know the boy spoke French, Italian, Spanish and German as well as he spoke English, and he was a devil with broadsword, cutlass or rapier before he was of age. He had been expelled from Heidelberg before he was 18, and when he first showed up at the headquarters of Coppinger's California expedition he had more scars across his boyish countenance than half of us veterans.

I think the old man—he was only a lieutenant when the Beule Sioux got him—was half sorry at the training of his son, for the youngster's early life was a fierce exaggeration of all the father's passion for war and adventure of all kinds. Well, everybody liked him—I've heard Phil Sheridan swear that the lad was the best wild turkey shot that ever came into the Indian country—but he couldn't get things hot enough for him. He scouted for two months in the Sierras on that California expedition, disappeared, and the next we heard he was distinguishing himself in the Matabele wars as a bushwhacker and guerrilla. I was down in Old Mexico when Ochoa was "starting things"—never mind what I was there for—and who should I see one day, drilling a troop of the most rascally outlaws that ever crossed the Rio Grande, but Gerald himself, as brown as an Arab and as jaunty as the rowdiest ruffian that ever wore spurs. I didn't get in right with these revolutionists, but I was in El Paso—they called it Paso del Norte then—when I met Gerald, thin and yellow as parchment, sauntering along in the Plaza. I hailed him, and found out all about the failure of his ambitious plans. He was to have been a governor or something if the rebellion had succeeded. He had been hit at the Arroyo fight, crawled 17 miles to the river and was now recuperating at Hotel Dieu, a skeleton of himself, but as full of devilment as ever. He said very frankly that he was in a terrible frame of mind about a young woman of Chihuahua—a high caste Mexican of Cordovan descent—whom he meant to marry, even though he had to carry her off, singular, isn't it, how the father's predilections appeared in the boy?

know whether to kill him or turn torador myself and challenge him. He'll be here next month, and I've got to get well, colonel. I've got to lower his colors somehow."

Well, I met Gerald every day after that and he mended so rapidly that in a week he began to ride with Cafferty's men and was thinking of joining the rangers again. The girl lived on the American side, and though I got but a few glimpses of her, I must say she was a beauty. I never saw a man so cut up over a woman. At that time I think he'd have fought a whole regiment to win her, but I wasn't at all ready for the desperate thing he really did. I had a cottage over in the new section, or rather a shack, for there were only two rooms, and I was frying my bacon one night about 11 when Gerald came in at the open door with a very dirty and disreputable-looking Spaniard.

"Colonel," he laughed, "this is Ramon Jesus Felipe del Agar, the famous bull-fighter. He's pretty drunk, but he wants a drink."

Then he put the hero on my army cot and gave him a bottle of mescal, which the victim gulped like a famished hound.

"I've got to keep him here till the fighting is over," whispered Flad, "and if you're my friend, colonel, you'll help me."

I asked him what he meant to do with Del Agar, but the rascal said: "Show him a good time. That's all."

I made sure that no violence was intended, and as the Spaniard was lapsing into a state of unconscious quiescence I asked Gerald to mess and promised to take care of his guest. To show you what a cunning strategist he was, he never told me a word about his ultimate scheme, but I suspected that by preventing Del Agar from appearing in the bull ring in the morning he hoped to make good his suit with the senorita. He stayed all night with me, but at sunrise when I rose he was gone, and the sleeping stranger, surrounded by half-empty bottles, was deep in dreamland. At ten o'clock that morning I went across the river after locking up my shack, and as soon as I got into my tier I saw Cafferty and some of his men, waiting for the second one. The first bull had been killed by one of the lesser swordsmen and the whole amphitheater was alive with gossip about the disappearance of Ramon del Agar.

"What do you think, Hutchinson?" roared Cafferty, coming over to me, "the Spanish champion has vanished, and that fool Flad is to take his place. See that girl over there—that one with the black mantilla and the red flowers—that's the cause of it all. Flad's so mashed on her that he'd stand up against a whole herd of Andalusians for a smile of hers."

Then the trumpet sounded and the procession of matadors, picadores and banderilleros marched in. We saw Gerald at once. He was arrayed in the tight-fitting bolero, breeches, hose and slippers of the Spaniards, but he wore neither queue nor headpiece, and his yellow curls looked singularly out of place among his swarthy comrades. When the fighters advanced to salute the governor, Flad did a very queer thing. He stepped up to the barrier in front of the smiling senoritas and, ignoring the evident disapproval of the crowd, trailed his sword as he bowed low before her. A moment later the bull, a particularly ferocious young monster, came bounding into the arena. Flad had retired, as is the custom, to give place for the halting by the banderilleros and picadores, but the crowd was oddly impatient for the "Gringo" star to have his chance, and before the play was half completed and while the bull was at the very climax of his fighting rage the bugle sounded for the swordsmen.

I think the governor yielded to the popular impatience in the hope of satisfying his own grudge against the American who had ignored him, but at any rate, the first note had hardly sounded when Flad, bareheaded and laughing like a boy, bounded through the gates, his scarlet mantle on his left arm and his Italian rapier flashing in his right. Again he ignored the dignitaries and smiled at the woman. Then he faced the astonished bull and flaunted the crimson ten yards from its blazing eyes.

"Bravo, Torro!" screamed the mob, which already hated the intruder.

"Bravo, mio Gerald!" piped a girl's voice, and then there was the quick, stifled gasp of fascinated interest as the beast lowered his crest and charged the enemy. If the judges and spectators expected an equal or prolonged fight between the American and the bull they were disappointed. Instead of missing or half-fleeing, as the best bull-fighters often do, Flad buried his weapon to the hilt, true between the shoulders of the bull, as swift and certain as if it had been pricking a sawdust target. As the brute sank quivering to its knees, Flad stood a second before it, as if ashamed. Then he plucked out his sword, flung it on the ground and walked out at the gate as sullen and as bowed as if he had been beaten in a fair fight. He counted nobody, heeded not the cheers of the multitude, nor stopped till he was alone in his dressing room.

When Flad reached my house that night Del Agar was gone.

"I'm going to New York to-night, colonel," said Gerald, sitting dispirited on my drunk.

"Take the girl with you?" I hesitated.

"No, a bit of it. I think I can win a better woman in a better way. If I

Justice blanks at the Courier office.

ever get hard put for a trade, I may start a butchershop, but I'm too young for that just yet."

And I haven't heard a word of him since that night.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WIMER

Everything is quiet again after the 4th.

James Neathamer is laid up with a sprained ankle.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. George Beers, on June 23, a son.

Supt. P. H. Dailey was on our streets one day last week.

James Mead of Willamette Valley is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Davy.

The outside range for stock is exceedingly good in this section this season.

Mrs. Fred Yocum and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Carter.

In the ball game between Woodville and Wimer on July 4th the Woodville boys were victorious.

Ed Brunsworth, who had the misfortune to get his arm broken a short time ago, is improving.

Everybody is busy haying now and men are very scarce as quite a number are employed at the sawmills.

Miss Gladys Miller, who is taking the teachers review at Jacksonville, spent a few days at home last week.

School began in the schoolhouse north of Wimer last Monday, with Miss Frier in charge. Miss Wiley also began another term in Scott's district Monday.

The celebration at the grove near Wimer, the 4th was very good. The music was furnished by the ladies cornet band from Gold Hill and the music for the dance was furnished by the Gold Hill orchestra.

SCRIBBLER.

LELAND

The weather is warm and dry; the thermometer registers 90 in the shade. There has been no loss of time as everybody is busy in the hay fields.

A man was found dead in Brimstone Creek last week; he went to the creek to take a bath and it is supposed that he had a fit, as he was subject to them.

The Hotel Leland is doing a good business as Mr. Woods knows how to cook, also prepare a square meal that has been shown by the increase of boarders.

Died—At Grave, with dropsy, F. H. Davis. He was the oldest resident of Grave Creek, and was a good, moral, man and respected by all who knew him.

The cutting of wheat will begin in a few days; grain is a big crop, although in this vicinity hay has taken the place of grain. People are about through with the first crop of hay.

That correspondent from Applegate wants Wide Awake to come over and see their nice valley. Wide Awake has been there—nearly the length of the creek. You have a nice valley, but you are too far from Leland for one to see the big timothy hay that is raised, also vetch. It is astonishing—hardly room to pile it. Some timothy so big that the mowers had to cut it with a scythe. Wide Awake nearly got lost in it as it grew so tall.

A rich strike of copper ore was made on Mt. Reuben. Bob Gibson is the lucky finder; as far as developed, the ledge carries high grade copper, also gold. This copper ledge that has been struck in this district, although copper rock exists, but never has been hunted. When Bob goes prospecting he does not run over the hills like some men, then curse the country but he studies the formation of rock, then is guided by good judgment. He has a big interest with the Sunset group of quartz mines on Mt. Reuben. The company has the tramway from the sawmills on Brimstone to Leland about completed. It will cost a good deal, but in the long run it will be cheaper than hauling by teams.

Capt. Nash of Medford made our burg a call. He was on his way down Grave Creek to where he has mining interests. WIDE AWAKE.

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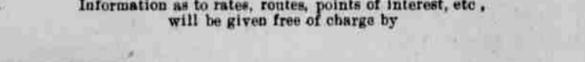
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